NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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LILLY DEAR.

Lilly dear it grieves me,
The tale I have to tell;
Old mason sends me roaming,
So Lilly, fare you well.
Oh! fare you well my true love,
Farewell old Tennessee;
Then let me weep for you love,
But do not weep for me.
CHORUS.—Farewell for ever to old Tennessee;
Farewell for ever to old Tennessee;
Farewell my Lilly dear, don't weep for me
Farewell my Lilly dear, don't weep for me.

I'm going to roam the wide world,
In lands I've never hoed,
With nothing but my banjo
To cheer me on the road.
For when I'm sad and weary,
I'll make the banjo play,
To mind me of my true love,
When I am far away.
Farewell forever, &c.

I wake up in the morning,
And walk out on the farm;
Oh! Lilly am a darling—
She takes me by the arm.
We wander through the clover,
Down by the river side;
I tell her that I love her,
And she must be my bride.
Farewell forever, &c.

Oh! Lilly dear, 't is mournful
To leave you here alone;
You 'll smile before I leave you,
And weep when I am gone.
The sun can never shine, love,
So bright for you and me,
As when I worked beside you,
In good old Tennessee.
Farewell forever, &c.

THE BOW AND THE AXE.

BY E. L. BULWER.

ONE day, as, during a short truce with the defenders of the place they were besieging, the Normans were diverting their leisure with martial games, in which Taillefer shone pre-eminent; while Harold and William stood without their tent, watching the animated field, the duke abruptly exclaimed to Mallet de Graville, "Bring me my bow. Now, Harold, let me see if thou canst bend it."

The bow was brought, and Saxon and Norman gathered round the spot.

"Fasten thy glove to yonder tree, Mallet," said the duke, taking that mighty bow in his hand, and carefully feeling the string.

Then he drew the arc to his ear; and the tree itself seemed to shake at the shock, as the shaft, piercing the glove, lodged half way in the trunk.

"Such are not our weapons," said the earl; "and ill would it become me, unpractised, so to peril our English honor, as to strive against the arm that could bend that arc and wing that arrow. But, that I may show these Norman knights that at least we have some weapon wherewith we can parry shaft and smite assailer, bring me forth, Godrith, my shield and my Danish axe."

Taking the shield and axe which the Saxon brought to him, Harold then stationed himself before the tree.

"Now, fair duke," said the earl, "choose thou the longest shaft—bid thy ten doughtiest archers take their bows; round this tree will I move, and let each shaft be aimed at whatever space in my mailless body I leave unguarded by my shield,"

"No," said William, hastily; "that were murder."

"It is but the common peril of war," said Harold, simply, as he walked to the tree.

The blood mounted to William's brow, and the lion's thirst of carnage parched his throat.

"And he will have it so," said he, beckoning to his archers, "let not Normandy be shamed. Watch well, and let every shaft go home; avoid only the head and the heart; such orguious vaunting is best cured by blood-letting."

The archers nodded and took their post, each at a separate quarter; and deadly, indeed, seemed the danger of the earl, for, as he moved, though he kept his back guarded by the tree, some parts of his form the shield left exposed, and it would have been impossible, in his quick-shifting movements, for the archers so to aim as to wound, but to spare life; yet the earl seemed to take no particular care to avoid the peril; lifting his bare head fearlessly above the shield, and including in one gaze of his steadfast eye, calmly bright even at the distance, all the shafts of the archers.

At one moment five of the arrows hissed through the air, and with such wonderful quickness had the shield turned to each, that three fell to the ground blunted against it, and two broke on its surface.

But William, waiting for the first discharge, and seeing full mark at Harold's breast as the buckler turned, now sent forth his terrible shaft. The noble Taillefer, with a poet's true sympathy, cried, "Saxon, beware!" but the watchful Saxon needed not the warning. As if in disdain, Harold met the shaft with his shield, but swinging high the mighty axe, (which with most men required both arms to wield it,) he advanced a step, and clove the rushing arrow in twain.

Before William's loud oath of wrath and surprise left his lips, the five shafts of the remaining archers fell as vainly as their predecessors against the nimble shield.

Then advancing, Harold said, cheerfully, "This is but defence, fair duke—and little worth the axe if it could not smite as well as ward. Wherefore, I pray you, place upon yonder broken stone pillar, which seems some relic of Druid heathenesse, such helm and shirt of mail as thou deemest most proof against sword and pertuizan, and judge then if our English axe can guard well our English land."

"If thy axe can cleave the helmet I wore at Bavent, when the Franks and their King fled before me," said the Duke, grimly, "I shall hold Cæsar in fault, not to have invented a weapon so dread."

And striding back into his pavilion, he came forth with the helm and shirt of mail, which was worn stronger and heavier by the Normans, as fighting usually on horseback, than by Dane and Saxon, who, mainly fighting on foot, could not have endured the cumbrous burthen: and if strong and dour generally with the Normans, judge what solid weight that mighty Duke could endure!—With his own hand William placed the mail on the ruined Druid stone, and on the mail the helm.

Harold looked long and gravely at the edge of the axe; it was so richly gilt and damasquined, that the sharpness of its temper could not well have been divined under that holiday glitter. But this axe had come to him from Canute the Great, who himself, unlike the Danes, small and slight,* had supplied his deficiency of muscle by the finest dexterity, and the most perfect weapons. Famous had been that axe in the delicate hand of Canute—how much more tremendous in the ample grasp of Harold! Swinging now in both hands this weapon, with a peculiar and rapid whirl, which gave it an inconceivable impetus, the Earl let fall the crushing blow; at the first stroke, cut right in the centre, rolled the helm; at the second, through all the woven mail (cleft asunder, as if the slightest filagree work of the goldsmith,) shore the blade, and a great fragment of the stone itself came tumbling to the sod.

The Normans stood aghast, and William's face was as pale as the shattered stone. The great duke felt even his matchless dissimulation fail him; nor, unused to the special practice and craft which the axe required, could he have pretended, despite a physical strength superior even to Harold's, to rival blows that seemed to him more than mortal.

"Lives there any man in the wide world, whose arm could have wrought that feat?" exclaimed Bruce, the ancestor of the famous Scot.

"Nay," said Harold, simply, "at least thirty thousand such men have I left at home! But this was but the stroke of an idle vanity, and strength becomes ten-fold in a good cause."

The duke heard, and fearful lest he thould betray his sense of the latent meaning couched under his guest's words, he hastily muttered forth reluctant compliment and praise; while Fitzosborne, De Bohun, and other chiefs more genuinely knightly, gave way to unrestrained admiration.

* Canute made his inferior strength and stature his excuse for not meeting Edward Ironside in single combat.

Arguing from Scripture.

There is no practice more reprehensible than arguing from passages of Scripture, when those passages are obscure in their meaning, or doubtful in their application. It is even worse, where, as is frequently the case, the passage is wilfully perverted by quoting only a part of it. We once saw a quiet Friend reprove a captious disputant for thus misrepresenting Scripture. It was in a public discussion, where the speaker had endeavored to prove his position by quoting portions of different pages, and so adroitly had he worked them into his argument, that his hearers began to yield assent to his opinion. At this point our quiet Quaker arose. "The friend on the other side of the house," he said, "has labored to prop up his cause by mangled extracts from the New Testament. Let us make an argument in his own way, and I will address it to him! There is one passage where it says, 'And Judas went out and hanged himself.' There is another 'Go thou and do likewise.' There is a, third, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' And yet will the friend say he ought to commit suicide?" There was a burst of laughter, and the Quaker gained his cause by acclamation.

AFFECTING.—A Frenchman, on seeing Mrs. Siddons play Isabella, in the "Fatal Marriage," declared her performance to be very fine, but said the pathetic effect was by no means equal to what he had witnessed in Paris, at the performance of a play called "Misanthropy and Repentance." "I was obliged," said he, "to hold my umbrella ver my head to prevent my clothes from being drenched with the showers of tears which fell from the boxes."

Running down the Boaster.

A country fellow who was once boasting about the swiftness of his horse, declared that he could outrun any thing which went upon four legs. A neighbor of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule!" said the boaster, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner wouldn't plank a hundred dollars, to run him against a horse. He began to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand into his pocket; he pulled it out again; and at last he said—"I don't know, I swow, about the tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out, then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat." So saying he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat anything which went on four legs, except the mule.

"Why," said the other, "I've got a jackass that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" said the other.

And "Done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster, "so I will, plaguy quick," taking out his pocket-book.

"Well; cover it if you dare—and I'll put another hundred atop of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your dust, I say."

"I don't know, faith! I never so that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, beginning to hesitate, "he may be the devil and all on a race, for what I know."

"Do you *flunk* out, then?"

"Yes, I *flummux* this time; but, by jingo, there's nothing else you can bring, except the jackass and the mule, but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so, faith!"

"Why, if you are not quite certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a nigger that will outrun him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him."

"I'll beat a hundred dollars of that—there ain't no nigger that ever breathed that can beat my horse."

"Very well, cover that." As he said this the man put down the hundred dollars, "but," said he, "if you back out this time, you shall forfeit ten dollars; and if I back out, I'll do the same."

"Agreed," said the boaster, "I'm sure my horse can beat a nigger, if he can't a mule or a jackass."

"Well, plank your money, if you please."

"Plank it! so I will—don't you fear that." Saying this, he once more took out his pocket-book and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust," said the other, taking out more money,—for I am ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars—or two hundred, if you like. Come, why do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I've ready for a stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, staring like a stuck pig; "three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know, I swan."

"What, man! you are not going to be frightened again!"

"Frightened! Oh! no—oh, no—it's no easy matter to frighten me—but really—"

"You mean to back out?"

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. It's kind o'risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars, then?"

"Why, yes, I spose I must, said the boaster, handing over the money, with an air of great mortification—"better lose this than more—for there's no knowing how fast these blamed niggers will run. But anything else you can bring except the mule, the jackass, and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."

An Anecdote.

The Southern Literary Messenger has the following:—

"A Mr. Lee, member of the Virginia House of Delegates, wore a wig, with a long queue, in the old fashion. A waggish brother member, (Roberts of Culpeper) one day saw Lee wriggling in his seat; and trying to catch the Speaker's eye, that he might rise and make a Speech. R. dexterously tied the queue to the high back of the bench on which L. sat—and such as all that House sat on, till within the last ten or twelve years. The next moment, a favorable juncture came, and Mr. Lee rose eagerly, exclaiming, "Mr. Speaker!"—but his wig came off; and turning to Roberts, he in the same breath cried out, "You're a fool!" The House roared of course.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

REPORTED AND SELECTED FOR THE CLIPPER.

HOME MATTERS.

The Great Clipper Race for $10,000.

When the owners of the clipper ship Sovereign of the Seas, of Boston, put forth their challenge to run their ship against any New York clipper that could be "scared up," the public actually thought they were in earnest, and that they meant to come to the scratch; but when the owners of the new clipper Young America accepted the challenge, and offered to sail the Sovereign of the Seas to San Francisco, the valiant ship-owners of Boston made some frivolous excuse, and, to use plain talk, *backed out of their challenge*. If the Bosten men can be *coaxed*, however, to test the sailing qualities of their brag ship with those of Young America, we venture to predict that the Bostonians would ever after have their vessels built in New York.

Yachting this Summer.

From the preparations being made by the owners of yachts in this city, there is a probability of some fine sport upon our waters the coming season.

Another pugilistic set-to is on the tapis, to come off in a short time, in Brooklyn.

THE TURF.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L.I.—TROTTING.

On Friday last, May 20, a trotting match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, took place between Mr. Nodine's bay mare Highland Maid, and Mr. Somerindyke's gray mare Lady Vernon, the former winning very easily in three straight heats. This was the first time that Highland Maid has trotted in public, and she has proved herself to be one of the fastest nags at present on the turf. Her owner thinks so well of her, that he offered to match her against any horse in the world, except Mac, two mile heats, to skeleton wagons. She was matched last year against Iola, but falling lame on the day of the race, her owner paid forfeit. Mr. Somerindyke's mare had been the favorite at two to one from the time the match had been made up to near the hour of starting, when some of the favorites of the owner of Highland Maid, being let into the secret of her capabilities, came on the track with well lined wallets to make a haul. They soon changed the face of the money market; and before the race began Highland Maid was the favorite at one hundred to fifty. One gentleman bet $1,000 to $600 on Highland Maid. Two days before another gentleman bet $1,000 to $500 on Lady Vernon. A large amount of money was won and lost on this race. The track was in most excellent order for good time; and but for a strong wind blowing during the heat, the time would have been much less than was made. There was a respectable attendance at the course.

First Heat.—Highland Maid won the choice of the track. She took the lead on the turn, and went to the quarter pole two lengths ahead of Lady Vernon in thirty-five seconds. On the backstretch she opened the gap, and was six or eight lengths in front in 1:13. She then slackened her speed somewhat, and came home under a strong pull, making the heat in 2:33¾, about thirty yards ahead. The gray mare broke up twice during the heat; but these misfortunes did not alter the result. It was evident that the bay mare had too much foot for the gray, and those who had backed her were satisfied that their money was lost.

Second Heat.—The bay mare took the lead at the start, and kept in front just as far as it suited her driver to the end. She went to the quarter pole in thirty-six seconds—to the half mile pole in 1:14, and jogged round to the score in 2:36.

Third Heat.—The gray mare was a length in front when the word was given. Her driver then pulled for the inside, and much too soon for safety; in fact, the bay mare had to be stopped to save her from being struck by the wheel of the gray. The bay then drew out to the outside; and even with this disadvantage she beat Lady Vernon to the quarter pole in thirty-six seconds. The bay was forty yards clear at the half in 1:14, and about the same distance in front at the goal. Time, 2:32½. The following is a summary:

FRIDAY, May 20.--Trotting match, $1000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

F. Nodine named b. m. Highland Maid	1	1	1
J. Somerindyke named g. m. Lady Vernon	2	2	2

Time, 2:33¾; 2:36; 2:32½.

RICHMOND (Va.) RACES, May 18.

Purse $200, two mile heats.

Thos. D. Watson entered ch. m. Florence, by Herald, dam Marchioness, 4 years old	1	2	dr.
John Harrison entered Maid of Edgecombe, by Boston, grand dam by Andrew, 5 years old	2	1	1
C. & N. Green entered ch. h. Governor, by Register, dam by Timoleon	3	dist.	

Time, 3:48½—3:45.

NASHVILLE RACES.

WALNUT COURSE, May 16.—Purse $250, two mile heats.

W. W. Woodfork's Martha Dun, by Sovereign, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs old	1	1	
P. S. Fowler's g. m. Gertrude Bosley, by Belshazzar, dam by Sir Richard, 5 yrs old	2	dr.	

Time, 3:54.

TUESDAY, May 17.—Purse $500, for pacers, two mile heats, in harness.

C. Hood's gr. g. Hero	1	1	
C. Brook's ro. g. Roanoke	3	1	
G. Daniel's ch. g. Tecumseh	2	3	

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
First mile	2:24	First mile	2:22½
Second mile	2:32½	Second mile	2:46
Total,	4:56½	Total,	5:08½

SAME DAY.—Match for $500, for trotters, miles heats, in harness.

W. Wheelan's gr. g. Col. Johnson	2	1	1
C. Brook's b. m. Lady Warren	1	2	2

Time, 3:93—2:57—2:56.

TROTTING ON THE CENTREVILLE (L. I.) COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 18.—Purse $50. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons—wagon and driver to weigh 400 lbs.

J. Mott's b. g. Bull of the Woods	1	4	1	1
Mr. Jackson's b. m. Fanny Barnum	3	1	2	2
T. Davis's b. m. Queen Mary	4	3	3	3
W. Simonson's b. g. Richard 3rd.	5	2	4	4
Mr. Wolcott's ch. m. Lady Holmes	2	5	5	5
D. Whelan's b. g. Ratcatcher	drawn.			

Time, 2:59—3:05—3:06—3:08.

THE RING.

PRIZE FIGHT

BETWEEN FURIOUS BILL AND NIELLY MCALPINE FOR $75,00 A SIDE—ON MONDAY, THE 16TH INSTANT.

This fight took place at Hunterfly Woods, situate about nine miles from Brooklyn, Furious Bill was ably seconded by James Henry, and Dutch Mike, and McAlpine was attended by John Fitzsimmons, and Tim Mahoney. As there existed some doubt as to the personal strength and courage of these men, they determined to enter into a contest, in order to satisfy the public. The affair was carried on so silently that it is doubtful whether the police are aware of it as yet. About 200 persons were present, they being friends of the parties, and it is much credit to the assemblage for preserving order.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1st. On coming up to the scratch, both endeavored to display themselves. Furious Bill dashed in his right hand, but McAlpine being wide awake, caught the blow, and fetched Bill a smasher in the breast. Bill, not daunted, returned the charge on the ribs, McAlpine closed, and threw Furious Bill, heavily.

2. McAlpine came up smiling: Bill dashed in, and succeeded in planting a stinger on the ribs of McAlpine, but Mc Alpine, stepping back, lunged out his right and caught Bill on the nose, which caused claret to flow copiously. Bill closed, but McAlpine succeeded in throwing him.—*First blood for Mac.*

3. The friends of McAlpine became highly elated, and offered $50 to $25, but Bill's friends looked discouraged; finding that none would bet on him, he accepted all the bets himself. Bill came up laughing, and commenced to display his knowledge of sparring; he received three successive blows from McAlpine with perfect nonchalance, making a rush, he struck Mc Alpine with his right on the eyes, felling him to the ground.—*First knock down for Bill.*

4. Bill dashed in, and planted another blow on the left eye of McAlpine, cutting it badly; McAlpine, in endeavoring to fetch Bill a rap on the nose, slipped down.

5. McAlpine, looking savagely at Bill, endeavored to close; but Bill, seeing the intention, stepped back, and as McAlpine came forward, he dashed in his right hand and caught Mac on the nose and lip; Mc Alpine became desperate, and forcing Bill up to the ropes, let fly his right and left upon the face. Bill ended the round by slipping down.

6. Bill laughing at the disfigured countenance of McAlpine, lunged out his right and caught Mac on the jaw, at the same time receiving a blow on the ribs. Bill again let fly his right and caught Mac on the left eye; Bill closed and threw Mac heavily.

7. Bill commenced the dashing system, and dashed Mac on the ground.

8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. The fighting continued as above: Mac receiving stingers on the eyes and nose, and Bill pokes on the ribs. Mac was thrown every time.

13. Mac, apparently weak from loss of blood and hard knocks, slowly came up to the scratch; Bill made a furious lunge, and planted his fist on the left jaw of his adversary, and received from Mac a blow, apparently light, on the breast. Bill rushed in and struck Mac on the temple, and he fell heavily. Time being called, Mac not presenting himself, Furious Bill was declared winner.

From Bell's Life, April 24.

EXCITING FIGHT

BETWEEN JOE HOILES (THE SPIDER) AND BILL BOWERS OF BILLINGSGATE, FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

This affair, which, like that of Monday, also involved a question of Championship, viz., that of the feather-weights, took place on Tuesday, April 19. The match has been long on the *tapis*, and has created extraordinary interest in the fistic world. The Spider has long been known as about the cleverest feather-weight that ever doffed a shirt, for some years stood A 1 among those of his own weight, 7st 7lb, and has consequently been for some time without a match. He made many attempts, by offering to give away a few pounds, to draw men into his web, but they either did not fancy him or could not reduce themselves to his weight. At length, after some beating about the bush, Bill Bowers of Billingsgate, who had distinguished himself in two encounters with Joe Rowe's Mouse, "fancied himself" sufficiently to issue a challenge to Spider, if he would fight at 8st 2lb. Nine pounds seemed long odds to give away among such bantams, but the gallant little Hoiles, after some consultation with his friends, concluded that he could afford to give Bowers all that in, and still come off a victor. Articles were, accordingly, immediately drawn up, and they very shortly afterwards went into training, the Spider in company with Jemmy Welsh, at Rottingdean, near Brighton, under the care of Nathan Green of Halifax, who brought him to the post in fine condition, and Bowers in the neighbourhood of London. There was a good deal of betting after the match was made, at 5 to 4, and 6 to 4, and finally on the day of fighting, at 2 to 1 on the Spider, odds which were greedily taken by the friends of Bowers, who thought that, for once in his life, the Spider had misjudged his distance. The Spider commenced his career with Cornewell, in March, 1848, when he defeated his man in gallant style, in 29 min. His next meeting was with Jem Herbert, in January, 1850, and here he was again victorious after a battle of two hours and fifteen minutes. He was now thought fit to contend against Jemmy Madden, commonly known as Jem Burn's Dwarf, who at that time was considered the best little-'un out. The confidence of the "entomologists," however, was fully justified—the Spider won the fight, which took place Sept. 24, 1850, in 91 minutes, with comparative ease. Madden, however, proved himself a thorough glutton, and, although receiver-general, he could not be choked off with less than the full quantum of punishment. Spider's next meeting was with Harry Adams, with whom he fought a draw, there being repeated appeals on each side, and the affair being altogether of a most unsatisfactory nature. His last encounter, prior to that now under consideration, was with Trainer of Liverpool, whom he vanquished easily in 49 rounds, occupying 80 minutes, Sept. 23, 1851. He is about 24 years of age, stands about 5ft 4in high, is exceedingly long in the reach, is a good-humored looking little fellow, and invariably quiet and well behaved. Bowers has only made two essays within the P. R., and on each occasion with the same man, Joe Rowe's Mouse. His first attempt was unsuccessful, the Mouse beating him in 70 minutes, May 25, 1847. In the second battle, which took place February 20, 1849, Bowers contrived to turn the tables, and vanquished his man in 100min. in 42 rounds. On each of these days Bowers proved himself to be a clever two-handed fighter and a good wrestler, and hence the confidence of his friends, who imagined that having at least 9lb the advantage in weight, and being possessed of great strength and activity, he could not but win when pitted against the Spider, whose only advantage was in science, and that to no very considerable extent. An aquatic trip having been determined on, Mr. Chandler, on behalf of the Spider, chartered the Sons of the Thames, while the Billingsgate fraternity engaged no less than three of the watermen's boats to convey Bowers and his admirers to the scene of action. There were the usual delays at Blackwall and North Woolwich, and, although we had a strong ebb-tide in our favor, a landing was not effected in Long Reach until nearly two o'clock. On reaching the point of debarkation it was just low water, and the small boats plying to and from the steamers could not get within a yard of the shore.

Continued on 4th page.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MAY 28, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

ADVERTISERS will please call on V. B. Palmer, the American Newspaper Agent, who is our authorized advertising agent. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His office is in Tribune Building, corner Nassau and Spruce streets.

Our Terms for advertising at present are only six cents per line. When wereach a circulation of fifty thousand we shall raise.

Communications intended for the "Clipper" may also be left with Mr. Palmer.

THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

We have received several communications from correspondents who seem to take a lively interest in our success, asking how we are succeeding with our enterprise. To one and all we would say, that from the success bestowed upon the numbers already issued, our fears as to ill-luck attending us have all vanished. From the first number our circulation has been steadily increasing, and those newsdealers who were at first fearful of the failure of the Clipper, are now doing all they can to help swell our already large circulation, well knowing that our success will also be of benefit to them; we afford a liberal profit on our paper, and while the circulation of other weeklies is steadily decreasing, that of the Clipper is rapidly increasing. Our punctuality in issuing the Clipper on Thursday morning, is another pleasing reflection, as the public know by that course that they will not be disappointed when they come to make their purchases. Punctuality and strict attention to business will secure for the New York Clipper a very large subscription list, and advertisers will find it to their advantage to place their favors before the public through the columns of one of the most popular weeklies ever issued in this or any other city. *Excelsior.*

* * * * * *

A lady subscriber giving an account of the many peculiarities of her husband, says he is the most absent-minded man she ever knew. "It was only the other day," she says, "that I sent him out to buy a fire-board, instead of which he brought home a shad."

Well, we don't think this a proof of his being absent-minded, for almost any one would prefer the shad.

* * * * * *

A Sharp Newsboy.—A mean scamp in Albany bought a newspaper of one of the newsboys in that place a few days since, and gave in payment a counterfeit $1 gold piece, receiving his change in silver. The newsboy soon discovered that he had been "stuck," and getting on the track of the scoundrel soon had him arrested, and upon searching him several hundreds of dollars, in counterfeits, is found in his possession. He was provided with a room in the city jail.

MORAL.—Never try to come it over the newsboys.

* * * * * *

Another Scrape.—We have received the following "tender lines" from our travelling "pote," who has been "taken in" somewhere in some part of New Jersey.

Oh what a sin,
To be taken in,
Without a word of warnin',
To be pushed in the street,
Without nothin' to eat,
Ever since yesterday mornin'.
The fact you will see,
'Twixt you and me,
As near as I can remember,
To a hotel I went,
And my baggage I sent,
'Twas the place where I stopp'd last December.
In the morning I rose,
And brushed off my close,
And sat down to a very good breakfast,
But a man said, "your tin,
Before you begin,"
Just as I'd got a nice steak fast.
I felt for my cash,
As I look'd at some hash,
But naught could I find in my pocket.
So I felt I was gone,
When the man seized my arm,
And he kick'd me out jist like a rocket.
I'm now all alone,
Without even a bone,
And the wild beasts is roarin' around me,
And if I should die,
The cause you'll know why,
But you must n't expect they have found me.

* * * * * *

Stages versus *Railroads.*—The late terrible calamity on the New Haven Railroad has made many travellers almost wish for the good old-fashioned stage-coaches, even though it might take a week or two to reach Boston. An old whip, who is opposed to every other mode of conveyance except stages, thus argues the point: "If," said he, "you get comfortably capsized in a ditch by the roadside, *there* you are! But if you get blown up by an ingine, run into a river, or off an embankment, *where* are you?"

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A correspondent who asks for information concerning the New York Hippodrome, will find a history of that institution in another part of our paper.

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It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers, so little used to Dutch names, to learn some of the titles so familiar in the early history of New York, and now so little understood. Such as *De Heer Officer*, or *Hoofd-Schout*; High Sheriff. *De Fiscael*, or *Procwem Gen*; Attorney General. *Wees-Meesters*; Guardians of Orphans. *Ray-Meesters*; Regulators of Fences. *Groot Burgerrecht* and *Klein Burgerrecht*; the great and small citizenship which then marked the two orders of society. *Eyck-Meesters*, (the Weigh Master,) the *Schout*, (the Sheriff,) *Burgomasters* and *Schepens*, then ruled the city, as in all cities of the Fatherland. *Geheim Schryver*; Recorder of Secrets.

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For the Ladies only.—The following advice may be useful to young ladies who are receiving or expect to receive the addresses of young men. Young men who hang their hats up will not read this:

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three "noes" when he bids you say "yes;"
Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before your have done;
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate hope;
Two or three pauses before you are won;
Two or three swoonings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hums when the chaplain appears;
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,
Two or three coughs when you come to "*obey.*"
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three little ones,—TWO OR THREE TIMES!!!

Justice.—Court of Quarter Sessions.

Judge BEEBE on the Bench.

Aldermen BRISBANE and FRANCIS off the Bench.

May 20.—This being sentence day, the court-room was crowded to excess by all classes of persons, the majority of whom, however, just dropped in to hear what sentence would be pronounced upon the Tammany Hall Rioters. Those who had no friends were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment in the State's Prison. On the Tammany Hall Rioters being called up, the Judge stated that he did not think it would be proper to pronounce sentence upon them without the Aldermen who tried them were also on the bench. It had been all cut and dried beforehand, precisely as political nominations are cut and dried before an election. This is justice in New York. It is enough to make the bone and sinew of the city rise up, take the law in their own hands, and inflict summary punishment, not only upon those guilty of breaking the laws, but also upon those in authority whose duty it is to see those laws faithfully administered. We want a Vigilance Committee in New York, who would punish alike all guilty of crime. When will the farce of the Tammany Hall Rioters be finished?

A Miracle.

Several days have elapsed, and not one accident of a fatal nature has happened on the New Haven or Camden and Amboy railroads. What's the matter, gentlemen, are you all awake?

Mass Meeting.

It is said that a monster Mass Meeting of the citizens of New York will be held in this city on the 4th of July for the purpose of affording our fellow-citizens an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each others' characters. The Aldermen will take no part in the proceedings, as a committee will report on the subject of their characters, and therefore all direct contact with them will be avoided.

Is it possible?

What is the difference between a cruel boy and a visitor at one of our fashionable summer resorts?

Why, one goes to *kill cats*, and the other goes to *Catskill*.

We composed the above with one hand, in the short space of a single afternoon. It is to be exhibited in the Crystal Palace as a specimen of American manufacture.

Back Numbers.

The back numbers of the *Clipper* can be had at all newspaper depots throughout the city.

The Hippodrome.

ITS ORIGIN, AND ITS SUCCESS.

It has been a cause of much speculation in the public mind since the advent of the Hippodrome among us, to find out if it really is composed of the French company, and if Mons. Franconi is really the proprietor. We have been at some pains to endeavor to find out the particulars for our readers, and, to a certain extent, our efforts have not been made in vain. As near as we can arrive at the facts, the following is a brief history of the rise, progress, and present success of the New York Hippodrome.

When it became a fixed fact that we were to have a Crystal Palace in this city, several gentlemen connected with different circusses in this and other cities, conceived the idea of getting up a colossal Hippodrome, after the plan of the celebrated Hippodrome of Franconi, at Paris. This was objected to by some, on the ground that any thing known to have originated in America could not meet with that success which was always certain to be bestowed on enterprises of foreign extraction. This well known fact at once gave the idea of "coming it over" the easily-humbugged Americans, by getting up a Hippodrome, under the name of the Paris Hippodrome of Franconi. Puffers were at once enlisted in the ranks, and their paper missiles were scattered far and wide through the columns of the independent press. A site for the building was soon obtained, a good sum paid to the "Corporal" to remove his habitation, and at once the gigantic machinery, for carrying out the plan, was set in motion, and everything thus far promised well. An agent at Paris sent over descriptions of such fêtes as would be considered novelties on this side of the water, and otherwise attended to such matters as should be required of him. In the meantime it was necessary to procure numerous females to take part in the races, &c., and for this purpose such inducements held out as soon brought in more than were actually needed. These females being mostly green, however, as regarded equestrianism, a riding school was selected where they could obtain all necessary instructions in the duties they would be expected to perform at the Hippodrome. A good school was found at Williamsburgh, and the ladies were at once set to work under a competent and skilful teacher, who, after several months' tuition, succeeded in bringing them to such a degree of proficiency, as to make their success in the ring no longer a matter of doubt. In the mean time the puffers were busy in keeping the dear public advised of the progress of things regarding the expected advent of the Great Franconi and his colossal Circus,—"that letter," giving an account of the shipment of the various horses, camels, ostriches, &c., &c., was duly written out, and published in the *New York Herald*, from which the main particulars were copied into nearly all the papers published in this city and elsewhere—and now it was that the bait began to be nibbled by the American gullibles after foreignisms. The difficulty in shipping that "Car of Flowers," and the enormous expense incurred in its shipment, was duly commented on, and the running ashore of the ship containing this "Car of Flowers," and other curiosities, afforded talk enough to keep things in good order for the "balance of the season." And thus far had things progressed, when it was announced through the press, that the Hippodrome building was completed, the company had arrived from Paris, and that the first dress rehearsal would take place on Friday, April 29, and that it was exclusively for the members of the "press." The week before this event took place, the Circus Company, which had been performing all winter in the Bowery, shut up shop, and most of the horses, performers, &c., were transferred to the "great Hippodrome of Franconi, from Paris." Our readers will remember this fact well, for on the following week Rose Madigan's Company took the Bowery Amphitheatre, where they have been performing up to the present time. The performance for the members of the press was not what the press had been led to expect, nor did they expect to find so many persons of rather doubtful character associated with them as members of the press, but the advertisements they received for "the papers," and the "nice refreshments" they received for themselves, of course precluded all possibility of saying anything disrespectful of the "Great Hippodrome of Franconi, from Paris," and the management having thus secured by purchase the favor and management of the press, at once felt themselves secure, and the opening performance for the public took place on Monday evening, May 3d; about seven thousand persons were present, and the applause bestowed upon the performance, showed at once that those keen-sighted *French Yankees*, Monsieurs Jeune, Smithe, Sanse, Quicke and Howse, "*did not reckon without their hosts.*" They have proved themselves equal to all foreigners, and as long as the public believe the Hippodrome is French, so long is their success certain; and yet, now that we have given the brief history of the Hippodrome, we sincerely hope that our true-hearted Americans will continue to encourage the management for the praiseworthy manner which they have made that succeed in which none else *but foreigners* could have made successful. The Mons. Franconi is not the original Franconi of Parisian notoriety, as many have supposed, and though it was said by the press that *our* Franconi could not speak English, yet in Saturday's *Sun* is a letter from him to the editors of that journal, which seemed to us equal in its composition to anything to be found in the compositions of *valid citizens.*

A Second Edition of the Great Hippodrome of Franconi, of Paris, is now performing in the Eastern States!!

Thus endeth the first chapter.

Talk on 'Change.

There was another full attendance on the board yesterday, on the strength of a report that the four cent man intended to make a few remarks concerning the recent attempt of a writer in the Herald to put the gag law in force, and prevent him from crying out "twenty-fi-eve, self-se-ling, envel-ups for fo-ur cents." The board was disappointed, however, for the gentleman merely stated, that the writer of the article was a man so utterly lost to all principles of honor, as to be far beneath his notice.

There was considerable talk concerning the sentence of the Tammany Hall Rioters. It was thought that the Judges were afraid of getting "jesse" if they sent them to prison.

The effect of the exposures in Gardiner's case was commented on, and it was suggested that it would retard the rearing of gold mines for the future.

The conversation turned upon the question of Franconi being among us; some one asserting that the whole concern was an imposition upon the public.

Much interest was manifested by a report that liquors of all kinds would be exceedingly scarce and dear this season, in consequence of the great number of persons that would be here as delegates to the World's Temperance Convention, shortly to take place in this city. A gentleman stated that he thought there was no foundation for the report, but advised those who had any fears, to lay in a good stock at the present time. This was considered good advice.

The present state of White's Empire Market was discussed, and a motion made to inquire the meaning of those outlandish characters on "that sign."

The board, from the great weight of the opinions expressed, split right in half, and therefore adjourned.

Opening of the Crystal Palace.

FOURTH OF JULY!

We give it as a particular suggestion, that the New York Crystal Palace be opened on the anniversary of our National Independance. What more fitting time could be designated than the glorious Fourth of July, for unfolding to the representatives of all nations the industry of our own native land. From present appearances, the Palace cannot be opened until the latter part of June, and as but a short time would intervene between the opening and the 4th of July, it is to be hoped that our suggestion will be heeded, and the latter day appointed, when there would be such a celebration of our national Sabbath as was never known before in the history of this Republic. Thousands on thousands from every section of the Union would concentrate at the Great Metropolis, to sanction by their presence and applause the efforts made by private American enterprise to compete with a similar project of the whole British government. Hurra for the opening of the Crystal Palace on the 4th of July.

Trollope's Work.

Mrs. Stowe was lately presented, in England, with twenty-six folio volumes, containing that "illuminated address," which was so lately sent to the women of America, and the names of 562,848 English women. This is undoubtedly the largest collection of *Trollope's work* ever issued.

A Wager.

We know a good man who will bet any money that there will be another accident on the New Haven rail road in less than three months. We hope none of our readers will accept this wager. They will be sure to lose.

Extraordinary Excursion.

We hear from undoubted authority, that an excursion is about to be gotten up by one of the Bowery b'hoys, named Mr. Dionysius Doolittle. It is said that an elegant and costly row-boat has been built, at a cost of full one hundred and fifty cents, which will surpass anything of the kind ever yet invented. Mr. Doolittle made a large fortune by selling eels at Catherine Market, which business he completely monopolized, driving all competition from the market through his influence with the M. P.'s, who were invariably invited to take a little "somethin' to take," on the removal of every outsider. No man in this city could do skinning like that performed by Mr. Doolittle. He intends to take none but his family with him, and will sail about the 28th of June. His plan is to first visit the spot where he skinned so many eels, where he will take in a fresh supply to enable him to have enough provisions to last him through the voyage: from here he will take Coney Island, and then bring up the Shad Fisheries: from thence he will try the hospitalities of the inhabitants of the wild and desolate regions of the sandy shores of New Jersey, upon which no true American has ever yet been permitted to land; should he be successful in getting an audience with the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, he will endeavor to impress upon it the importance of cheap fares. Having now visited the most barbarous country in the world, his course will be directed to a rather more civilized and industrious nation, bounded on the south by 42d street, on the west by the 6th Avenue, and on the east by the great Croton Reservoir; he will here stop a few weeks in order to hasten the opening of the Crystal Palace, which he wishes to see finished by the 4th of July; in the mean time he will visit all objects of interest in the neighborhood, the Corporal, the Tower, the Ice Monkey, and the Rainbow Bear, &c., &c., and will return to this city again in about six days. The following persons will participate in the excursion: Gallus Mose, Philadelphia Jakey, Sykesey the butt man, Dutchy, Jim Skinflint, Miss Tabitha Dusendinger, Miss Fanny Fern, Mrs. Gallus Mose, formerly Miss Lize, Mrs. Jakey, Mrs. Sykesey, Master Mose, young Miss Jakey, Doctor Lignumvitæ, Rev. John Smith Catfield, and Black Jake. All of the above are members of Mr. Doolittle's family, except Dr. Lignumvitæ and Rev. Mr. Smith, who accompany the excursionists in a business capacity, the Dr. having laid in a large stock of Castor Oil, Senna and Salts, &c., and the Rev. gentleman taking with him a beautiful and costly edition of the "History of the Four Kings." The appearance of this noble vessel on the coast of Jersey will doubtless make the Spaniards open their eyes, as it will be the first vessel of the kind that ever entered their waters. The total cost of this excursion will be defrayed by the projector, and when it is known that the entire expenditures will exceed *six hundred cents*, it will be seen at once that such a thing surpasses all former excursions to the Fishing Banks. Fanny Fern has promised to correspond with us, so have Mose and Jakey; so our readers may expect something rich.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we have learned that the enormous expense incurred by Mr. Doolittle has compelled him to sell all his property in the eel business, such as pincers, knives, bobs, &c., for which he has received the sum of six hundred cents, precisely the amount required for the excursion.

P. P. S.—In addition, we understand that the Camden and Amboy Railroad has purchased the row-boat, to be delivered on reaching their waters; the passengers returning in one of the four cent steamers.

The above is from our own reporter, who has been hanging round Doolittle to ascertain the facts.

Gutta Percha.

A report is going the rounds of the papers that the receipts of the Hippodrome, on Wednesday week, amounted to $25,000. This beats Day and Goodyear all to pieces.

Water-Cure.

Jesse Hutchinson died in Cincinnati lately at a water-cure shop. If this is a specimen of the water-cure, we think it best to steer clear of it.

Sport in Brooklyn.

☞ See Sporting Department for a report of a prize-fight in Brooklyn.

Quakers.

The Quakers are about with their umbrellas---so is the rain. Isn't it strange that a Quaker never loses his umbrella---though it is not so strange either, for he never lends it.

How to get the Sun Regularly.

Leave your name and number at the office, or with the regular carrier. Do not depend upon boys, stand peddlers, or news offices. In this way you will avoid disappointment at all seasons. The cost is only sixpence per week.

The above is taken from the New York *Sun*, and we publish it for the purpose of cautioning the reading public against placing any faith in its correctness, and also to offer a few remarks of our own upon the subject. In the first place, we deny that subscribers derive any advantage from having the paper left at their residences by regular (?) carriers, for it is a notorious fact that oftentimes, when the paper contains any very important news, which the subscriber is anxious to read, his paper is not served at his residence at all, but in many instances sold by the carrier to transient customers, and an excuse made the next pay-day that some one must have stolen it. This is true enough; *some one did steal it*, but it is easy guessing who it was. What is the subscriber to do?—he cannot go to the office, which may be too far from his residence—he goes to the nearest news depot, pays his money, and receives his paper. Thus it can be seen that news agents *can be depended upon when regular carriers cannot!* Again: many a man, who has been thoughtless enough to have a carrier serve him, finds himself bound to take the same paper from day to day; whereas, if he buys from news agents, he can change every day in the week, *and have a different paper every day.* The benefit of this system is becoming more apparent every day, and it was the great falling off in the subscribers to the *Sun*, that led to the publication of the card alluded to; and about the same time an effort was made to keep the entire circulation in the hands of regular carriers, by not allowing agents to have any at an early hour: the loss the proprietors entailed upon themselves by this course warned them of its inefficiency, and decided them to change their system of tactics before it was too late. This was done few weeks since, and the increase to their circulation has let them into the secret, that regular carriers are *not* so much to be depended upon as news agents. Besides all this, if a subscriber does not get his paper regular, he still is compelled to pay the carrier the same as though he had received it; with news agents, this is not the case, as what you receive you pay for, nothing else; and this fact has increased the custom at news depots 100 *per cent within the last two years*, and has decreased in a comparative degree the patronage hitherto bestowed upon *regular* (?) carriers! We have said thus much in vindication of the news agents who do not have the same opportunity of making known the falsity of the notice alluded to, as the proprietors of the New York *Sun*. Aside from all this, however, every one must be knowing to the fact, that, if it had not been for the news boys and news depots, the *Sun* might have been numbered among the things that have been, instead of occupying the position it does in the newspaper world, and it should, to say the least of it, exhibit some little show of gratitude to an honest and industrious class of people, by *extending* to them at the present such privileges as were *pressed* upon them in former times. We hope this "notice" will be withdrawn, so that honest competition may take the place of an attempted monopoly.

The Little Rose Bud.

The excitement attendant on the case of the black child has been kept up during the early part of the week. We think she ought to be given up to one who would *train her* in the way she should go. The lady claimant will *coop her* up closer than ever if she is successful in retaining possession of the child.

An Irish couple, calling in upon a daguerrian artist the other day bringing their son, a boy, to have his portrait taken, were delighted with the successful execution of the work.

"That's himself, ixactly, mister," cried the ecstatic father, as he turned the picture successively in every conceivable light, to gaze at it, "that's me son; and now will you be after taking his brother that's at home, that's next older than him shure, and that looks jiste like him, only he's one size larger, and his eyes is a little white, just a trifle, and his nose is turned a little on one side."

"Fifty-two sons of Temperance!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "and twenty-five daughters, too! Why, bless me, how many children has aunt Tempy got? And I hear some talk about cadets of temperance, what sort of debts are them? But no wonder she owes debts when she has so many children to maintain---how I pity the old crittur."

He that hath a prudent wife, hath a guardian angel by his side; but he that hath a proud wife, hath a devil at his elbow.

Very Important.

ANOTHER CONVERT TO SPIRITUALISM.

Gallus Mose gone over to the enemy.

In one of our former numbers, we gave a brief account of some rappings concerning the New York *Clipper*. From the style, we thought it was from some of our old friends, but the following letter from our old acquaintance, Mose, tells the tale at once:

Bowery, May the 20.

Hello ole feller, how are yer? I've been on a kind of bust lately, and got into a fust rate muss, or I'd writ before this. You know that time you had something in the *Clipper* about the sperrits, don't yer? Well, I thought that sounded jist like my Lize's talk, and I thought, thinks I, old gal, if you're making such a d—d fool o' yourself as that ere, I'm bound to go and see to it. Lize died, yer know, a good while ago; but I've got in with another gal. Well, thinks I, here goes to find out what all this here talk means about *animal* magnetism, and so on, so I paid 2 shillin to see things. When I got into the room, there was the two foxes and the fish, and I told 'em I wanted to see Lize, to see if she wanted anything. Well, we all got round a d—d big table, and each feller laid his hands right on to it, and kept em there. Bime by the table kinder shook, and then I heerd somethin' knockin' at somethin'. I said—"Lize, is that you, cos if it is, I want to have a talk with you." "Somethin' rapped yes, is that you, Mose?" "Yes," I said, "how do yer like it down there, Lize, do yer ever go to the Chatham, down there?" Somethin' rapped out, "ye'd better believe it, hoss, can't yer come down Mose?" I told her no—I didn't keer if I didn't. I asked her if she could prove that it was her I was talking to—it rapped out, "Yes, put yer hat under the table, if yer don't believe me, and I'll show yer beans." I put my hat under, and before I knew it, I'm d—d if it wasn't on my head agin, and narthin didn't put it there, neither. Says I, "Lize ken you lift *this* table, and me onto it, and these animal magnetisms too?" "Yes, sir-ree, git the square table, and I'll show yer rats." We got the other table, and the hull lot of us got right on to it, and I'm d—d if she didn't lift us chock up and let us down agin." Says I, "Lize, yer sum punkins, what else kin yer do?" "Git a box, and put a banjo on to it," says Lize. I put the box and banjo under the table, and nobody didn't say narthin for a good while; but all of a suddint, the banjo struck up that good ole tune, "gallus Mose"—talk about yer Wood's Minstrels, or yer talyun oprer, why old hoss ye'd a gone right off the handle if ye'd a heerd that music. That was music, that was, it most set me crazy, but all of a suddint agin it stopped. I says, "Liz play that ere Kitty Darling, wont you, I want these gals to hear yer." She rapped out—"I'm too tired, Mose,—git a sheet of paper and I'll prove to yer better than ever that its me." I put the paper and pencil under the table, and I heerd the pencil move; but when I look'd at the paper, there wasn't narthin on to it, and she rapped out—sharpen the pencil." I looked at the pencil, and sure enuff, the pint was broke smack off, right close up. I pinted it, and put it back agin on to the paper, and when I looked agin there was this here line—

"I'm one of the g'hals, aint I, Mose."

This was all I could get out of her that time, as she said she had to go to a ball that night. I showed the writing to Sykesey, Dutchy, Jakey, and a hull lot o' fellers wot used to go with Lize, and every one of 'em says its hern, cause they've seen her write often. Besides that, Sykesey says, that she always used to write "*I'm* one of the g'hals" instead of "*I am* one of the g'hals." Sykesey never seed anybody write that way, but her, and that's the reason he knows it's her. Jakey says so too, and I've promised to take em with me some time to see the old gal.

Yer ken print this in the *Clipper*, if you've a mind to; but don't come down on our fellers any more about running "der machine" on the side-walk.

Your old friend,

MOSE.

We believe our friend Mose, is a firm believer in "spirits," and we shall look for something rich from his pen in a short time, when he takes Jakey, Sykesey, and the other fellows with him to see Lize. We will keep our readers advised of the movements of this "gallus party."

"When I am making up a wlan of consequence," says Lord Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult with a sensible woman." Lord Bolingbroke was a wise man.

"There are some marvellous things in Scripture, to be sure," said Mrs. Partington, "I read of a palsied man that was *born of four*, which is one of the strangest things I ever heard of. It looks to me impossible—but it's Scripture, and must be true."

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"There are some marvellous things in Scripture, to be sure," said Mrs. Partington, "I read of a palsied man that was *born of four*, which is one of the strangest things I ever heard of. It looks to me impossible—but it's Scripture, and must be true."

An Irish Letter.

We have received the following copy of a letter sent to Ireland by one of the passengers in an emigrant ship lately arrived at this port. It seems that M'Fudd didn't like being

"Rock'd in the cradle of the deep."

New York, May tenth, '53.

Dear Mother,

The ship that brout us over arrivd out here in blissed Ameriky, on last Wednesday cum 2 weeks, after a long passage, and by all that's holy, a stormy one. I'm taken wid a tit of the mazels when i think ov what i cum thrue while on the say, and may the divil burn me iv iver i crass the busom of ould Neptune agin--no, not even to see my countbry and all i hould dear in it wonst more.

Before we lost site of the quay, where you and Peggy wur standin, poor cratures, both iv ye in tears, the ship began to roul about, just fur all the wurld as iv all the divils in Purgatory---the saints presarve us!---wur playin at pitch-and-toss wid grate big rocks, frum one side to the other. Yure furst-born was settin unconsarnedly enouf on the top ov a big round thing wid holes in it---i forgit the name ov it--and all at onst the ship giv a sudden lurch, and may i niver stur, iv i diddent sune find meself at a game of hide-an-go-seek wid the chickens in the hen-coop. i niver went so far before at such short notice, and i begun to think that this was but poor tratement fur a man who had paid his way like eny dasent man shud. So i staggerd up to the captin, who was walking about on a place called the poop, tho i cuddent walk for the sowl ov me, and i defy St. Patrick himself to do it on *that* ship, Captin, sez i, and wid that i fell on the broad of my back. What? sez he, like a grate big savidge; sur, sez i, i doant like this kind ov tratement. What tratement? sez he, like another savidge; why, sez i, to be knocked about in this way, and compeld to take lodgings wid the poultbry. Ye gommack, sez he, how kin i kape the ship from roulling about, and carrying ye to the chicken-coop? be off wid ye, or i'll call the mate. The Lord presarve ye, sez i, for doin that same; fur i've been callin it fur it fur many a long day, but it niver wud cum. Wid that, one of the saylors, that i seen the captain, bad cess to him, wink at, tuk me up in his arms, and dropt me thrue a large square hole in the deck. i diddent remember nothin more, except a thump i got when i fell on the boords, and i waked up next morning a bad site fur wake ises. i was kilt entirely, wid not a hole bone left in me body, and i diddent stur for the rest of the voyage. Whin we arrived at a place called quarrenteene, opposit Staten iland, i found meself just abut to write to ye. So giv me love to Peggy, and take the same fur yureself, from

Yure affectionate son,

SHAMUS MCFUDD.

P. and S.--Anser this, dear mother, and i will rite ye soon again.

SHAMUS.

A Scolding Wife.

Got a scolding wife, have you? Well it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are all naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming doors, and kicking every thing that laid in the way right and left—because—well you could not tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you'd been laying your face embargo all day for those who cared nothing about you, smiling and nodding, hemming and hailing, and wanted to get where you could enjoy a superlative ill-nature.

No wonder your wife was cross, getting supper with a baby in her arms! Why didn't you take the baby, and trot it, and please it? 'Room was all in confusion'—Why didn't you put it to rights? 'You want a little rest?' So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sunshine in this bracing weather—reading the paper—meeting friends and acquaintances—sitting cosily in the office. She is at home with clinging arms dragging about her neck, loving, but still wearisome at times. She is dependent upon the call of a neighbor for a little break-up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes. Wake up, man alive, and look into this matter! Put on your best smiles the moment your foot touches the doorstep. Treat the little room to a broad grin—and your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar plums, and little Bobby a new picture book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that poor tired looking woman that you've brought her a nice book to read, and that you're going to stay at home evenings. Our word for it, apologies will be plentiful, supper will come on like magic, every thing will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very much like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be quite husky, when she asks you if your tea quite suits. Of course it will be a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening. You miss the complaining tone, and scolding and fault findings; but your loss is her gain: she is thinking of the long past, but considers upon the whole she is a happier woman to night than she ever was in her whole life before.

A Lucky Fellow.

"I say, Tom, isn't it lucky that that fellow's eyes are cocked?"

"Why so?"

"Because if they were a match, his red nose would surely set them on fire."

A Touching Story.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

The night was calm and cheerful.
The day was passing by,
A lady, pale and tearful,
Looked down with anxious eye.
Upon the floor she gazeth,
Poor carpeting was there;
To her husband next she raiseth
Her eyes of beauty rare.

Within that dwelling only
With carpetings so plain,
That husband felt quite lonely,
And often moaned with pain:
New carpets can but free him,
She feels that this must be—
And then I know I'll see him,
Smile once again on me.

A thousand lights were glancing
In another mansion fair;
And merry feet were dancing
On Brussell's carpets there:
"O, young and joyous creatures,
Tell me where is the store
You purchased those rich carpetings,
And have they any more?"

The dancers flocked around her
To comfort and to cheer,
And glad were those who found her
The Carpet Store was near.
They took her there that very night,
She carpets rich did buy,
Such colors ne'er had met her sight,
And prices were not high.

The morning sun 's advancing,
She heedeth not its ray,
Her husband now is dancing
On carpets made that day—
And smiles her lips were wreathing,
While she said with look divine:
"O, bless that HIRAM ANDERSON
In the Bowery, NINETY-NINE!"

The Distressed Cockney.

Not many years since, an Englishman, by the name of Henry Ogden, came out from Yorkshire as agent for several manufacturing houses. His operations here were to be directed by the letters, which he was to receive from his principals, and which were to be sent by every vessel that came out. After his arrival, he made himself acquainted with the road to the post-office, and quietly settled himself down to await the arrival of letters. When the first vessel arrived, he went to the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for *Enry Hogden*. The clerk went and looked, and returned for answer—"No, sir; no letters for *Enry Hogden*."

The next day there was another arrival from England, and Mr. Ogden went again to the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for Enry Hogden. The clerk, after looking, returned the same answer as before: "No sir; no letters to-day for Enry Hogden."

Vessels continued to arrive every few days, and Mr. Ogden continued to go to the post-office and return with the same disappointment, until he worked himself up into a perfect frenzy. He was sure there must be some mistake about it, and he was determined to find it out. He accordingly went to the post-office next day, and demanded of the clerk, that he should make a more thorough search for letters for Enry Hogden, and watching him narrowly, saw him go to the H pigeon-hole. Yorkshire, in his vexation, called out to him—

"Why, you blamed fool, *Hog*den don't begin with a *haitch*—it begins with a *ho*!"

Etcetera.

"Sambo, what is the meanin' of etcetera?"

"Well, Pete, dat's a question I can't make come out of my mind, but I think it's good to eat, ain't it?"

"No, you incomprehendin' nigger, you is disemqualified to brack a boot. De meanin' is dis ting, dat ting and ebery oder ting fotched into one picaninny ting; dat's it, remember the next time I axes ye."

ROGERS'

Gallery of Pictures,

Opens Monday, May 30,

At 150 Fulton Street, near Broadway,

The collection comprises French, English, German and American Pictures, and will well repay a visit. Admission FREE.

"Live and Let Live"

Oyster & Dining Saloon,

214 Broadway,

Opposite St. Paul's Church, New York.

James A. Walnut, } *Proprietors.*
Wm. H. Radford, }

LITERARY HALL,

No. 52 DIVISION STREET, ABOVE CHRISTIE.

The greatest Newspaper and Periodical Depot in the world—where all the Daily, Weekly, and Sunday Papers, Magazines, Periodicals, and Novels may be obtained as soon as published, together with Blank Books, Stationery, Grate Apron Cut Paper, &c. ROBERT P. ELLIOT, Agent.

Ap. 23-tf.

READING FOR THE MILLION.

Harpers' Magazine, one and sixpence; Putnam, Graham, and Godey, twenty cents.

All the Daily and Weekly Papers, and Periodicals, immediately on publication.

E. COZENS, News Agent,
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SULLIVAN HOUSE, No. 82 Chatham-st. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., always on hand.

JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT" (177 Bowery, near Delancy), still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly, and Daily Papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publications, when out, together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town), but at the sufficiently low price of 18¾ cents. "Live and et live," is our motto.

CARPETINGS.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SALES ROOM No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

SALES ROOM No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

SALES ROOM No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

SALES ROOM No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1½, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

SALES ROOM No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

SALES ROOM No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N.B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb25 3m

AN ACT FURTHER TO AMEND THE CHARTER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—PASSED APRIL 12, 1853.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. The Legislative Powers of the Corporation of the City of New York, shall be vested in a board of Aldermen and a board of Councilmen, who, together, shall form the Common Council of the city.

The board of Aldermen shall consist of one Alderman from each ward, who shall be elected by the people of the respective wards, for two years. The Board of Councilmen shall consist of sixty members, to be elected from as many districts, who shall be sworn into office on the first Monday in January next, succeeding their election, and shall hold their offices for one year, and shall receive the same compensation as the Aldermen.

§ 2. The members of the Board of Aldermen first elected under this act shall be classified as follows:—On or before the first Tuesday in December succeeding the next general election, the Clerk of the City and County of New York shall, in the presence of the Mayor, Recorder and Comptroller, or a majority thereof, draw from a box to be provided for the purpose, in which two ballots shall have been deposited, having thereon respectively, either the word "odd" or the word "even" one ballot; if the ballot so drawn shall have thereon the word "odd," then the term of office of the Aldermen chosen from wards having an odd numerical designation shall expire on the first Monday of January, one thousand eight huudred and fifty-five; and in case the ballot having thereon the word "even" shall be drawn, then the term of office of the Aldermen having an even numerical designation shall expire on the first Monday of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. At all subsequent elections, Aldermen shall be elected for the full term of Two years.

§ 3. For the election of Councilmen, the said city shall be divided into sixty districts of contiguous territory, and as near as may be of equal population, each of which shall chose one Councilman. The Common Council shall so divide the city into such districts on or before the first Monday in September next, and thereafter within one year after the State and National cen sus shall have been completed, the Common Council shall in like manner re-district said city.

§ 4. Every act, resolution or ordinanee, appropriating money or involving the expenditure of money not rendered imperative under provisions of any State law, shall originate in the Board of Councilmen, but the Board of Aldermen may propose or concur with amendments as in other cases.

§ 5. A vote of two thirds of all the members elected to each board shall be necessary to pass any act, ordinance or resolution of the Common Council, which shall have been returned by the Mayor, with his objections.

§ 6. No Alderman shall hereafter sit or act as Judge in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, or in the Courts of General or Special Sessions, in the City and County of New York; but this section shall not prevent his exercising the power of a magistrate on the arrest, commitment, or bailing of offenders, except that he cannot set the bail or discharge a person arrested or committed by another magistrate.

§ 7. All ferries, docks, piers and slips, shall be leased, and all leases and sales of public property and franchises, [other than grants of land under water, to which the owner of the upland shall have a pre-emption right,] shall be made by public auction, and to the highest bidder who will give adequate security, [no lease hereafter given except as the same may be required by covenants of the corporation already existing, shall be for a longer period than ten years,] and all ferry leases shall be revocable by the Common Council for mismanagement or neglect to provide adequate accommodation. All persons requiring any ferry lease or franchise under the provisions of this act, shall be required to purchase, at a fair appraised valuation, the boats, buildings, and other property of the former lessees actually necessity for the purposes of such ferry. Previous notice of all sales referred to in this section, shall be given under the direction of the Comptroller for thirty days, in the newspapers employed by the corporation.

§ 8. No bids shall be accepted from, or contract awarded to any person who is in arrears to the corporation upon debt or contract, or who is a defaulter, as security or otherwise, upon any obligation to the corporation.

§ 9. No money shall be expended by the corporation for any celebration, procession, or entertainment of any kind, or on any occasion, except for the celebration of the Anniversary of the National Independence, the 25th of November, (Evacuation Day,) and the Anniversary of the Birth-day of Washington, unless by the vote of three-fourths of all the members elected in each board of the Common Council.

§ 10. No additional allowance, beyond the legal claim, under any contract with the corporation, or for any service on its account or to its employment, shall be allowed.

§ 11. The officers of the police, and policemen, shall hereafter be appointed by a board of Commissioners, consisting of the Mayor, Recorder, and City Judge.

§ 12. All work to be done, and all supplies to be furnished for the corporation, involving an expenditure of two hundred and fifty dollars, shall be by contract, founded on sealed bids or on proposals made in compliance with the public notice for the full period of ten days; and all such contracts, when given, shall be given to the lowest bidder with adequate security. All bids or proposals shall be opened by the heads of departments advertising for them in the presence of the Comptroller and such of the parties making them as may desire to be present.

§ 13. There shall be a bureau in the Department of Finance, to be called the "Auditing Bureau," and the chief officer thereof shall be "auditor of accounts." It shall revise, audit, and settle all accounts on which the city is concerned as debtor or creditor; it shall keep an account of each claim for or against the corporation and of the sums allowed upon each, and certify the same with reasons therefore, to the Comptroller. The Comptroller shall report to the Common Council once in ninety days, the name and decision of the auditor upon the same, together with the final action of the Comptroller thereon. All moneys drawn from the city treasury shall be upon vouchers for the expenditure thereof examined and allowed by the Auditor, and approved by the Comptroller.

§ 14. Every person who shall promise, offer, or give, or cause, or aid, or abet in causing to be promised, offered, or given, or furnish, or agree to furnish, in whole or in part, to be promised, offered, or given to any member of the Common Council, or to any officer of the corporation after his election as such member, or before or after he shall have qualified and taken his seat, any money, goods, right of action, or other property, or anything of value, or any pecuniary advantage, present or prospective, with intent to influence his vote, opinion, judgment or action, on any question, matter, cause or proceeding which may be then pending, or may by law be brought before him in his official capacity, shall, upon conviction, be imprisoned in a state prison for a term not exceeding ten years, or shall be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both, at the discretion of the court. Every officer in this section enumerated, who shall accept any such gift or any promise or undertaking, to make the same under any agreement or undertaking that his vote, opinion, judgment, or action shall be influenced thereby, or shall be given in any particular manner or upon any particular side of any question, matter, cause or proceeding then pending, or which may by law be brought before him in his official capacity, shall, upon conviction, be disqualified from holding any public office, trust, or appointment, under the charter of the city of New York, and shall forfeit his office, and shall be punished by imprisonment in a state prison not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both, in the discretion of the court. Every person offending against either of the provisions of this section shall be a competent witness against any other person offending in the same transaction, and may be compelled to appear and give evidence before any Grand Jury or in any court in the same manner as other persons, but the testimony so given shall not be used in any prosecution or proceeding, civil or criminal, against the person so testifying.

§ 15. No contract by the Supervisors shall be valid, unless expressly authorized by statute, and such as are authorized must be made in the manner provided in the twelfth section of this act.

§ 16. All ordinary appropriations, made for the support and government of the Alms House department, shall, before the same are finally paid be submitted to the Governors of the Alms House, to a board of commissioners, consisting of the Mayor, Recorder, Comptroller, the President of the Board of Aldermen and the President of the Board of Councilmen.

—If the said commissioners approve of the appropriations, they shall report the same to the Board of Supervisors; if they shall disapprove of the same, they shall return them with their objections to the Governors of the Alms House for reconsideration; and in case the said Governors shall, upon a reconsideration, adhere by a vote of two-thirds of all the governors then in office to the original appropriations, they shall return them to the Commissioners whose duty it shall be to report to the Board of Supervisors.

§ 17. The Board of Education shall also submit in like manner all appropriations required by them to the commissioners named in the first preceding section; and said appropriations shall be subject to all the provisions of said section, so far as the same may be applicable.

§ 18. All such parts of the charter of the city of New York and the several acts of the legislature amending the same, or in any manner affecting the same, as are inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed; but so much and such parts thereof as are not inconsistent with the provisions of this law, shall not be considered as repealed, altered or modified in any form affected thereby, but shall continue and remain in full force and effect.

§ 19. The power now vested in the Mayor, Aldermen, and Assistant Aldermen, in granting and revoking tavern licenses, together with all other powers as excise commissioners, shall be henceforth vested in the Mayor, with the Aldermen and Councilmen representing the district in which the premises of the party licensed or to be licensed may be located.

§ 20. This act shall be submitted to the approval of the electors of the city and county of New York, at an election to be held in the said city on the Tuesday next succeeding the first Monday in June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three. The tickets which shall be polled at such election shall contain either the words, 'in favor of amendments to charter,' or 'against amendments to charter;' and if a majority of all the persons voting thereon at such election shall vote the ticket 'In favor of amendments to charter,' this act shall become a law; if a majority of such electors shall vote the ticket 'against the amendments to charter,' this act shall be void.

§ 21. The Common Council are hereby authorized and directed to make all necessary arrangements, by ordinance or otherwise, for the conduct and regulating of all elections authorized under the provisions of this act, and in conformity, as far as may be, to the general election laws.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
SECRETARY'S OFFICE. }

I have compared the preceding with the original law on file in this office, and do bereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of said original law.

Given under my hand and seal of office at the city of Albany, this sixteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

ARCH'D CAMPBELL, Dep. Sec. of State.

The foregoing Act was directed to be published, once a week, in all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers of the city, until the 7th day of June. By order of the Common Council.

D. T. VALENTINE, Clerk C. C.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1853.

R. R. R.

LIFE, HEALTH, STRENGTH,

PURE BLOOD, SOUND BODY, AND CLEAR SKIN, IS INSURED TO ALL WHO TAKE RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.

ITS QUICK ACTION.

The moment this powerful Renovator of the Blood and Resolver of Disease is taken into the body, it commences its work of cleansing and purification.

Bones that are rotten with poisonous and diseased deposits, are made sound and whole by its action.

BAD BLOOD.

Blood that has become impregnated with corrupt humors and poisonous admixtures, is quickly cleansed and purified, and made clean and healthy.

DISEASED ORGANS.

Organs that have been deranged and prostrated, and rendered incapable of performing their natural functions, are suddenly invigorated and strengthened, and enabled to perform their natural duties.

IT REGENERATES

Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.

DISEASED ACTION.

Wherever there is pain or uneasiness, or sores, or itching of the skin or parts of the body—wherever either one or more of the organs is unable to perform its functions in a natural way,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

Will quickly resolve away from the system the cause of all diseased action, and restore each and every organ to their natural strength and vigor.

LADIES IN ILL HEALTH,

Suffering from unnatural drains and all other complaints incident to females, are assured that RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will invigorate, regenerate, and make sound and healthy, the unsound parts of each and every organ that is in a diseased and unnatural condition.

THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS,

But many trees bear no fruit at all. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will remove all unnatural causes from the generative organs, and will assist the procreative functions in their natural duties.

Let none despair of bearing good fruit; for, as sure as the Renovating Resolvent is taken, the tree will blossom, and in due time bring forth its fruits, free from disease or any hereditary ailments.

WEAKNESS

In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous, and healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.

LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS

In WOMEN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove, and make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY, and DEPRESSED feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY.

BAD BLOOD

Makes bad flesh, unsound bones, weak nerves, lame joints, and in fact an unhealthy body. Let the blood be tainted or impregnated with poison, and the parts of the system formed of poisonous blood will likewise become diseased. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will make the blood pure and healthy, renovate every organ and secretion of the system, and resolve away all diseased and unhealthy deposits.

SKIN DISEASES.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT is a quick and powerful Sudorific. It acts upon the skin and its secretions, freeing this organ from all corrupt visitations, cleansing its pores from poisonous humors, and freeing its external layer or surface from Sores, Blotches, Pimples, and other disfigurements.

PUTRID FLESH.

A man, aged 40, in his youth was indiscreet and contracted a loathsome disease which threatened his life. He was a victim of ill-treatment—he was salivated with mercury, and for years his body has been covered with foul and corrupt humors. He commenced the use of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. He had used but one bottle when all the mercurial deposits were driven out of his system. He is now well.

SALT RHEUM.

The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman, who supposed that this complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been affected with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the

POISONOUS RHEUM

ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM

SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

Diseases that have been lingering in the system for five, ten, or twenty years, where the human body itself is 'part and parcel of diseased matter, where the bones have become soft and carious, causing the ends of them to ulcerate — where Nodes, Bronchital Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers afflict the system—where Syphilis in its many forms, like a leprosy, burns within the human body, spreading its poisonous flame to every organ of the system,

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

has speedily Resolved away all corrupt and poisonous material—Renovated the system—purified the blood, and built up a new body with new and healthy blood.

RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT

is sold by Druggists generally.

BRUISES.

Radway's Ready Relief, applied to a bruise or wound, will instantly allay the pain and prevent the skin from becoming discolored. Gentlemen who indulge in pugilistic amusements, should keep by them a bottle of R. R. R.; if any accident should occur, by which their skin would be bruised or personal appearance disfigured, an application of R. R. R. will remove all difficulties, and keep the skin whole and sound.

Price of R. R. Relief $1.00, 50 and 25 cts.

RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

This caused considerable laughter among the *voyageurs*. Some were rash enough to jump ashore, and, to their surprise, landed up to their knees in mud; others slipped and fell on their backs in the water; while the more wealthy travellers treated themselves to a mount on the backs of some of the more sturdy Billingsgate porters who were present. Of these even some did not escape with impunity; the steeds were not up to the weights they had to carry, and, after staggering a few steps, fell headlong on the slimy earth, in some instances driving the heads and arms of the jockeys into the same substance. In one instance a youth sunk up to his thighs in mud, and his rider, refusing to dismount in the water, was unable to extricate himself. Loud were the shouts of laughter at the struggle of the unfortunate wight; nor was the risibility of the multitude at all abated by the extraordinary expressions alternating between hope and fear on the countenance of the "gent" who bestrode the sinking mud lark. At length several persons went to their assistance, and with considerable difficulty dragged them safe on shore. All this floundering in the mud of course wasted more time, and the men did not make their appearance in the ring until nearly half-past two. Both youths, on throwing their tiles within the ropes, were loudly cheered; but it was evident that the admirers of Bowers had the advantage of numbers. The crowd round the ring was immense, and there could not have been at this time less than 6,000 persons present, among whom we were again glad to recognize many of the "gentle" patrons of the art, who were present on the previous day. There was again a brisk business in the sale of inner-ring tickets, under the superintendence of Bill Hayes, and considering the extraordinary muster of spectators, and their very mixed character, a most admirable ring was kept. The only person at whom we had to cavil was Barnash, who was, as usual, intoxicated, and who, although not being either a second or umpire, took it upon himself to appeal to the referee, and continually to get in the way of the spectators throughout the fight. If this fellow cannot conduct himself with propriety, he must not be surprised at finding himself, one of these days, turned out of the Association. The youths, as soon as perfect order was obtained, proceeded to denude themselves of their upper toggery, the Spider, valeted by Jack Grant and D'Orsay Turner, and Bowers having the valuable assistance of Johnny Hannan and George Crockett. Prior to commencing business the Spider laid his adversary £10 to £5, and offered to do it again, but Bowers was unprepared with the ready. A good deal of money was speculated at the same odds, but the takers were tired before the layers.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On being delivered at the scratch the lads were a pair of perfect pictures. Each was in tip-top condition. Bowers loomed large, and looked all 91b. the bigger man; he was slightly taller, considerably broader, thicker loined, and as long-armed as the Spider. He smiled confidently, and rubbed his hands as if in high glee at the treat that was in store for him. The Spider was extremely fine-drawn, every muscle of his slight, active frame stood out in bold relief; his long, graceful arms, small wrist and hands, and well-turned legs and feet, gave him all the appearance of a young thorough-bred. A neater little figure we think we never saw within the P. R. His small, snake-like head, well put on the shoulders, and his bright, confident eye, gave one an impression that he could not be beaten. Neither of the lads seemed much higher than the upper rope, and a stronger contrast to the burly pair of champions who had the day before contested in the same lists, can scarcely be conceived. The Spider, as soon as he got near, commenced sending out his feelers, but Bowers was away; the Spider followed him up, let go his left on the right peeper. Bowers in retreating slipped through the ropes, when the Spider took him round the waist, lifted him up, put him on his legs again, and then walked to the scratch, whither Bowers followed him, and the Spider immediately let go his left and right on the left eye and mouth. Bowers closed, and after a short but sharp struggle threw, and fell on the Spider.

2. Spider led off, caught Bowers on the mouth, and received a slight tap in return on the left ogle The Spider now stepped back, and was followed by Bowers, who lunged out both hands, catching him heavily on the right eye and nose. The Spider feinted, and popped in his left heavily on the mark. Mutual dodging and feinting was now the order of the day, the Spider fiddling about to entice his victim within reach; he at length succeeded, and, lunging out, caught Bowers on the left cheek, when the latter closed, and, after a short struggle, the Spider cleverly got down.

3. The Spider, after two or three feels with his antennæ, dashed out his left on Bowers' left eye heavily. Bowers countered him sharply on the nose, drawing *first blood*, and then got away. Spider went after him, sent out his left, but Bowers stopped him neatly. Some rattling exchanges ensued in favor of the Spider, who finished the round by knocking down Bowers with a heavy nosender. *first knock down* for Spider.

4. Bowers came up grinning, fiddled away with his left, but Spider jumped away. Spider now came, let go his left out of distance, and when Bowers lunged out viciously his left in return, ducked his head and got beautifully away. Sharp exchanges ensued, Bowers on the body heavily, and Spider on the right ogle. Each then made several beautiful stops, until Bowers closed for the fall, when Spider fibbed away right merrily on his left listener, until Bowers let him slip down.

5. Bowers let fly his left, but Spide jumped half-across the ring out of the way. He quickly returned, when sharp counter-hits were exchanged, Bowers getting well home on Spider's mouth, and receiving in return on the chin. Spider now feinted and sent out his right plump on Bill's nozzle, and got away. He attempted a repetition, but Bowers countered him severely on the mouth, drawing claret. Spider now pegged away left and right on the side of the head and right cheek, until Bowers closed, and after a short struggle, both fell.

6. Bowers took the initiative, and led off with his left, was stopped, and napped an ugly one on the left cheek; he then seized the Spider round the neck, hit him heavily on the smeller, threw, and fell heavily on him.

7. Mutual feints, the Spider shaking his little nut and laughing at his opponent, as much as to say, "it won't do." Bowers led off, but was neatly stopped; in a second attempt he caught the Spider heavily under the dexter peeper, and closed, when Spider fibbed him heavily on the sneezer, gave Bowers the crook, threw him, and fell on him.

8. Spider, on coming up, showed a mouse under his right optic. He grinned, however, and evidently thought nothing of it. Mutual sparring, each wide awake, the Spider too leary to allow his powerful adversary to come to close quarters. At length Bowers got within distance, and let go his left, when the Spider ducked his head, and the blow alighted on the small of his back. Spider now feinted and instantly dashed out his left on the nose, straight and heavy, and after receiving a little one in exchange, got down.

9. Spider led off with his left, but Bowers was with him, countered him heavily on the nose, drew a fresh jug of punch, and retreated. The Spider stood in the middle of the ring laughing, until Bowers approached him, when some heavy counter-hitting in favor of Bowers took place, the cork being removed from Spider's mouth and nose. Spider persevered, but Bowers caught him again heavily on the point of the nose, increasing the ruby stream. Spider now made play, caught Bowers on the bridge of his snout and displaced the bark to some extent. Heavy exchanges on the mouth followed, Bowers appearing to have the advantage, and catching Spider several times in succession on the nose and right eye, Spider returning on the right eye, and drawing claret. In the close both were down, Spider under.

10. Both showed marks of punishment, Bowers looked serious, while the Spider was as merry as a grig. Both made attempts to get home, without success, a pause in the middle of the ring followed, and then after a little sparring for an opening, Bowers succeeded in reaching the Spider's nose. This led to some heavy exchanges, Bowers on the Spider's right peeper and nose, and Spider on Bill's left cheek and eye; the hitting, however, was in favor of Bowers. Another pause now took place, the Spider looking at his opponent and smiling most benignly. They soon got to work again, when some heavy counter-hits were exchanged, the Spider reaching Bowers' right ogle, and receiving again on the snuff-box. Bowers now attempted to take a decided lead, but was prettily stopped, and caught a severe cautioner on the dexter optic. He tried again, when the Spider ducked his nut, and again found Bowers at home when he knocked with his left on his right cheek. Slight exchanges followed, and both eventually slipped down.

11. The Spider came up fresh, crept on to his man, let go his left, catching him well on the nose, and got away. After a little dodging, he feinted, and let go the same fin, catching Bowers sharply on the left ogle, and got away without a return. Bowers followed him up, but was stopped, and got a heavy rib-bender for his pains. This led to smart exchanges in favor of Spider, who, in the end, slipped down, Bowers over him.

12. Bowers, on coming to the scratch, showed the effect of the hit on his left ogle, in the last round. The Spider smiled at him, and instantly led off, but was stopped. He cleverly ducked away from the return, and, coming again to the charge, caught Bowers sharply on the nasal promontory, drawing a fresh quantum of liquid hair dye. Bowers attempted a return, but was easily stopped, and again napped it on the proboscis, from which more of the ruby was perceptible. Bowers at length reached the insect's body, and the latter slipped down.

13. Spider opened the case by leading off with his on Bowers' nose, and getting away. He tried it again, but was stopped. The third attempt was successful, catching Bowers very heavily on his nose; and Bowers, in getting back, slipped down. The Spider lifted him up, patted him on the back in a good-humored way, and walked to his corner.

14. Bowers feinted until he got within distance, when he instantly closed, caught the Spider in an awkward position for a fall, and, after a long struggle, succeeded in throwing him. Jem Turner, who seconded the Spider, ran forward and caught his man as he fell, and prevented what might have been a serious catastrophe. An immediate appeal was made to the referee by the friends of Bowers, on the ground that Turner's conduct lost the battle for the Spider. Unluckily, however, for Bowers, the referee's attention was otherwise engaged at the moment, and, not having seen Turner's manœuvre, he was compelled to say, "Fight on." There was a good deal of murmuring among the friends of Bowers, and justly so, at Turner's misbehaviour. Nothing can justify a second in thus interfering; and we should have thought that a man of Turner's experience should have known better than thus to jeopardize the chance of a man like the Spider. The Spider himself did not require any such assistance; and, had he lost the battle through Turner's want of judgment, would have had just right to complain. The thing was so quickly done, that the referee did not know the ground on which the foul had been claimed until some time afterwards.

15. On getting close together, Bowers seized the Spider round the neck, dragged him to the ropes, and there hung on him for some minutes, the Spider fibbing him on the side of his canister until Bowers let him slip down. During this round several of Bowers' friends got inside the ring, and so equalized the affair as far as a foul was concerned, as the referee is empowered by the rules to decide against a man whose partisans thus commit themselves.

16. The men stood looking at each other until Spider led off with his left, but was well stopped. He led a second time, and caught Bowers on the right ogle heavily, jumping cleverly away from the return. He then again dashed in on Bowers' left cheek; Bowers closed, and Spider pegged away with both hands on the sides of his knowledge box, until Bowers released him. Bowers then attempted to lead off left and right—was stopped easily, received heavily on the left cheek, and this led to sharp exchanges, at the end of which Spider slipped down, and Bowers hit him twice when on his knees. A claim of *foul* was now made for the Spider, but not allowed, the referee considering that Bowers could not hold his hand.

17. Bowers came up bleeding from the left cheek and nose. Spider smiled upon him, and got within distance to tempt Bowers to hit; the bait took; Bowers let fly both hands, was well stopped, and Spider returned heavily on the left cheek. A close followed, in which Spider again fibbed his man on the side of the head and got down cleverly. From this to the 25th and last round, the battle was never for an instant in doubt. The Spider approached his man, induced him to let fly, and leave himself open, when the Spider planted upon him with great severity on his eyes, nose, and cheeks, cleverly avoiding the returns. Once or twice Bowers succeeded in closing and throwing him heavily, but all the falls seemed to be harmless to the wiry little Hoiles. At length, in the 25th round, the Spider, after a few feints, got his man just within distance, caught him a terrific spank on the left peeper, which closed up immediately; they then closed, Bowers got his man in a good position for a throw, but the Spider cleverly shifting himself, twisted Bowers over his knee, threw him heavily on his head, and fell on him. On the men being picked up it was found that Bowers was all abroad, his head fell to one side, and although he was not exactly out of time, he was in such a state that Hannan judiciously threw up the sponge in token of defeat, it being perfectly clear that had he come up again it would only have been to be receiver-general from his clever adversary, who was as fresh as when he began, and barring a mouse under his right eye, was nothing the worse for wear. The battle lasted *one hour and twenty-four minutes*. There was now a general rush across the marshes to the steamboats, and after innumerable immersions the company got on board, and were conveyed to the metropolis in safety by seven o'clock.

REMARKS.

But few remarks are required concerning this little mill. The Spider proved himself, as he has ever done, an accomplished master of his art and a game little fellow to boot. So clever is he, indeed, that we doubt whether the man is to be found within 71b of his weight bold enough to take up the challenge which will be found below. We understand that his friends are so satisfied with his conduct that they intend presenting him with a handsome transferable belt as a distinguishing badge of his championship among the "feather" tribe. Bowers is a clever two-handed fighter and a good wrestler, and we have little doubt that, among less accomplished tacticians than the Spider, he will prove an awkward customer. Even with that consummate boxer, had he been possessed of a little more resolution, we are inclined to think the battle would not have terminated so easily. The battle money is to be given to the Spider, at Mr. Chandler's, the Prince and Princess, Gravel-lane, Southwark, on Tuesday next, when he will be prepared to make a match to fight any man in the world, from 7st 7lb to 8st, for from £100 to £500.

A Declaration of Principles.

A North Carolina political editor, who is determined that his readers shall not "go it blind," has published a declaration of the principles that he intends to support. They are as follows:

The cash for old debts, and good security for new ones.

Plenty in the meal gum, and "sugar in the gourd."

The right of every white boy and girl in the State to an Education—also to four dollars in money and a pair of new shoes.

An equal distribution of Rain; and no death amongst the pine trees.

Twelve dollars and fifty cents for Cotton, eighty cents cash for Corn—Wheat and Oats in proportion.

Shad in the Pee Dee, and "Big Blues" on the Coheras.

The right of the white men and women in the State, who pay their Taxes, to take a Sheriff's receipt for the same.

A Hen in every man's Pot, and new breeches to all who need them.

Why is a bush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

While the Council was thus declining to interfere, one of the ships (the Dartmouth, Capt. Hall) came to anchor near the castle. A meeting of the people of Boston and the neighboring towns was convened at Faneuil Hall, on November 29, 1773, which being too small for the assembly, it adjourned to the Old South Meeting-house. They resolved "that the tea shall not be landed; that no duty shall be paid; and that it shall be sent back in the same bottom." They also voted "that Mr. Roch, the owner of the vessel, be directed not to enter the tea at his peril; and that Captain Hall be informed, and at his peril, not to suffer any of the tea to be landed." The ship was ordered to be moored at Griffin's Wharf, and a guard of twenty-five men was appointed to watch her. The meeting received a letter from the consignees, offering to store the teas until they could write to England and receive instructions, but the people were determined that the pernicious weed should not be landed. The offer was rejected with disdain. The sheriff then read a proclamation by the Governor, ordering the meeting to disperse; it was received with hisses. A resolution was then passed, ordering the vessels of Captains Coffin and Bruce, then hourly expected with cargoes of tea, to be moored at Griffin's Wharf; and, after solemnly agreeing to carry their plans into execution at any risk, and thanking their brethren from the neighboring towns, the meeting was dissolved.

From that time until the 14th of December, every movement on the part of the people relating to the tea was in charge of the Boston Committee of Correspondence. The two vessels alluded to arrived, and were moored at Griffin's Wharf, under charge of the volunteer guard, and public order was well observed. On the 14th, another meeting was held in the Old South, when it was resolved to order Mr. Roch to apply immediately for a clearance of his ship, and send her to sea. The Governor, in the mean while, had taken measures to prevent her sailing out of the harbor. Under his direction, Admiral Montague fitted out two armed vessels, which he stationed at the entrance of the harbor: and Colonel Leslie, in command of the castle, received Hutchinson's written orders not to allow any vessel to pass the guns of the fortress outward, without a permission signed by himself.

On the 16th, several thousand people (the largest meeting ever to that time known in Boston) collected in the Old South and vicinity. Samuel Phillips Savage, of Weston, presided. The youthful Josiah Quincy was the principal speaker, and with words almost of prophecy, harangued the multitude of eager and excited listeners. "It is not, Mr. Moderator," he said, "the spirit that vapors within these walls that must stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will call forth events which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Whoever supposes that shouts and hosannas will terminate the trials of this day entertains a childish fancy. He must be grossly ignorant of the importance and value of the prize for which we contend; we must be equally ignorant of the power of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, to hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest, the sharpest conflicts—to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor will vanquish our foes. Let us consider the issue. Let us look to the end. Let us weigh and consider before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw."

When Mr. Quincy closed his harangue (about three o'clock in the afternoon,) the question was put. "Will you abide by your former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed?" The vast assembly, as with one voice, gave an affirmative reply. Mr. Roch, in the mean while, had sent to the Governor, who was at his country house at Milton, a few miles from Boston, to request a permit for his vessel to leave the harbor. A demand was also made upon the collector for a clearance, but he refused until the tea should be landed. Roch returned late in the afternoon, with information that the Governor refused to grant a permit until a clearance should be exhibited. The meeting was greatly excited; and, as twilight was approaching, a call was made for candles. At that moment a person disguised like a Mohawk Indian raised the war-whoop in the gallery of the Old South, which was answered from without. Another voice in the gallery shouted "Boston harbor a tea-pot to night! Hurra for Griffin's Wharf!" A motion was immediately made to adjourn, and the people, in great confusion, crowded into the streets. Several persons in disguise were seen crossing Fort Hill in the direction of Griffin's Wharf, and thitherward the populace pressed.

Concert of action marked the operations at the wharf; a general system of proceedings had doubtless been previously arranged. The number of persons disguised as Indians was fifteen or twenty, but about sixty went on the vessels containing the tea. Before the work was over, it was estimated that one hundred and forty were engaged. A man named Lendall Pitts seemed to have been recognized by the party as a sort of commander in chief, and under his directions the Dartmouth was first boarded, the hatches were taken up, and her cargo, consisting of one hundred and fourteen chests of tea, was brought on deck, where the boxes were broken open, and their contents cast into the water. The other two vessels (the Eleanor, Captain James Bruce, and the Beaver, Captain Hezekiah Coffin) were next boarded, and all the tea they contained was thrown into the harbor. The whole quantity thus destroyed within the space of two hours was three hundred and forty-two chests.

It was an early hour on a clear moonlight evening when this transaction took place, and the British squadron was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. British troops, too, were near, yet the whole proceeding was uninterrupted. This apparent apathy on the part of the government officers can be accounted for only by the fact alluded to by the papers at that time, that something far more serious was expected on the occasion of an attempt to land the tea, and that the owners of the vessels, as well as the public authorities, felt themselves under lasting obligations to the *rioters* for extricating them from a serious dilemma. They certainly would have been worsted in an attempt forcibly to land the tea. In the actual result the vessels and other property were spared from injury; the people of Boston, having carried their resolution into effect, were satisfied; the courage of the civil and military officers was unimpeached, and the "national honor" was not compromised. None but the East India Company, whose property was destroyed, had reason for complaint. As soon as the work of destruction was completed, the active party marched in perfect order into the town, preceded by drum and fife, dispersed to their homes, and Boston, untarnished by actual mob or riot, was never more tranquil than on that bright and frosty December night.—*Field Book of the Revolution.*

A Gambling Story.

Two friends sat over a game of "brag" in this city four years ago. They played long, late and high, and at length quit, one five hundred dollars in the other's debt. We have said they were *friends* and each knew the other was not so circumstanced as to stand so large a loss, although the excitement of playing had led them on from larger bets to larger still, until the event came about.

"Tom, you will have to take my note for it," said the loser, "and it shall be paid in thirty days."

"Oh, very well," said the winner dryly, pulling a cigar from his pocket and piercing the twisted end with his penknife.

The loser snatched up a pen and wrote the note for $500, payable in thirty days.

"All correct," said the winner coolly, and taking the note from his unfortunate adversary. "Have a cigar, Ned?"

Ned took the proffered cigar, and the next moment opened his eyes in astonishment at seeing Tom deliberately poking the folded note into a candle for a light.

"Fire up, Ned!" said Tom, handing over the burning note.

Ned knew his friend, and lit his cigar in silence. The two friends soon separated with such a mutual exchange of friendly sentiment as might be expected on so remarkable an occasion.

This is no fancy sketch, reader. The two friends have been separate wanderers for four years, and met each other again, for the first time since their parting, the other day in Canal street. Tom had been luckless, and unfortunate, while Ned had been gradually creeping into fortune's favor. In the course of the same day accident brought to Ned's notice a note against his friend Tom, for just $500, in the hands of a third person. Ned bought the note immediately, paying for it to the full amount of the claim, and in the evening the two friends met by appointment.

"Tom, do you know that I hold a note against you for five hundred dollars?" said Ned.

"No, indeed. Why how so?" said Tom, in amazement.

"O, yes, here it is, see—your note given to that firm on the levee. A small business transaction brought it in my possession, and by the way, Tom, I should like to have the money."

"I can't pay it now, Ned, indeed I can't, but in two or three weeks at furthest, I can make myself ready for it."

"Cancel this, and draw me a note for thirty days," says Ned, very gravely, taking a cigar from his pocket, and piercing the end with his knife, in precisely the same style Tom had done four years ago.

"All correct," said Ned, as he scattered the old note in torn fragments on the floor, and received the new one from Tom. "Have a cigar, Tom?"

Tom took the cigar, and as he did so an idea of Ned's design flashed upon his mind.

"No, Ned, no—I remember—yes, I see what you are at; but mine was a gambling debt, and this is a responsibility of regular trade," exclaimed Tom, rising to prevent the conflagration he saw was about to take place.

"Mine was a debt of honor, and so is yours," said Ned, with facetious solemnity. "I will pay yours as you once took the liberty of paying mine," and he thrust the paper into the candle blaze. Handing it lighted to Tom—"fire up!" he exclaimed, in direct imitation of his old adversary at "brag," four years ago.

Challenging a Jury.

An Irish officer, not very conversant in law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the mayor, told him, that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objections, that was the time to challenge them.

"I thank your lordship," said the brave prisoner; "but with your lordship's permission, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the piper of Leinster, I'll challenge every mother's son of them, and have 'em out, too!"

Romeo and Juliet.

Air—"*De Boatman Dance.*"

Oh! she doth make the torch burn bright,
Her beauty hangs on the cheek of night
Like rich jewels in a Nigger's ear,
To rich for use, anp for earth too dear.
Dance, Juliet, dance,
Dance, Juliet, dance;
Dance all night, and your balcony's height
I'll scale in the morning.
Oh! oh! and don't I know
I'm in love with my oh! heigh oh!
Ch. Oh! oh! and don't we know
You're in love with your oh! heigh ho!

The Impatient Lady.—"Pull away, ma'am, pull away!" said old Roger in the omnibus, as he saw a heavy lady dragging vigorously at the check-string; "another such jerk as that, and he must come through."

"Through where?" asked she, sharply.

"Why, through the hole there, to be sure; you were trying to get him through, wasn't you?"

"No, I wasn't; I was only stopping the horses, Mr. Impudence."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "was that all? Excuse me."

Good Breeding.—A farmer who came up to town to visit his brother, having given some offence to his sister-in-law, who piqued herself upon her gentility, by something that did not accord with her idea of good manners, she pertly told him he was very ill bred, and did not know what good breeding was.

"Why, look you, ma'am," replied he, "as for that, I consider myself quite as well bred as you, for all your fine airs—my mother had seventeen of us in sixteen years, and that I take to be *good breeding*."

Arts and Sciences.—An old matron, "down east," employs a dog of the *setter* kind to hatch eggs.

A miller is about advertising the *flour* of youth for the benefit of superannuated persons.

A manufacturer of *combs* ought to be established for the use of candidates at election, with which they might *curry* favor.

An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the brick-*bat*.—*Boston Rambler*.

Fontenelle's Gallantry.—At the age of ninety-seven, Fontenelle after saying many gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her to his place at table. "See," said Madame Helvitius, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me."

"Madame," said the old man, "if I looked at you, I could net have passed."

A witty gentleman, observing a man who had lost an arm, passing, said he presumed might be called an off-handed person.

An exchange paper in giving an account of the sentence of death passed upon a young man says, 'he appeared to feel unpleasantly.'

A Sharp Youth at a Bargain.

"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a feet, perhaps more: "Sally, 'afore we go into this 'ere museum, to see the boa constrictor, I want to ask you somethin'."

"Well, Ichabad, what is it?"

"Why, you see this 'ere business is a gwine to cost a quarter apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much money for nuth'n. Now, if you say you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the hull on't myself. I will, positiv-vily!"

Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid down the "hull on't."

A Volume in Few Words.

The following sentences contain a vast deal of wisdom in a small compass.

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employea, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are ablo to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

A Simple Answer to a Polite Question.

"Can I show you anything more to-day, sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter of his customer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

NEW

VOL. I.—No. 6.

MY UNCLE ROLAND'S TALE.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

"It was in Spain, no matter where or how, that it was my fortune to take prisoner a French officer of the same rank that I then held—a lieutenant; and there was so much similarity in our sentiments, that we became intimate friends—the most intimate friend I ever had, sister, out of this dear circle. He was a rough soldier, whom the world had not well treated; but he never railed at the world, and maintained that he had had his deserts. Honor was his idol, and the sense of honor paid him for the loss of all else.

"There was something similar, too, in our domestic relationships. He had a son—a child, an infant—who was all in life to him, next to his country and his duty. I, too, had then such a son, of the same years." (The Captain paused an instant: we exchanged glances, and a stifled sensation of pain and anxiety was felt by all his listeners.) "We were accustomed, brother, to talk of these children—to picture their future, to compare our hopes and dreams. We hoped and dreamed alike. A short time sufficed to establish this confidence. My prisoner was sent to head-quarters, and soon afterwards exchanged.

"We met no more till last year. Being then at Paris, I inquired for my old friend, and learned that he was living at R——, a few miles from the capital. I went to visit him. I found his house empty and deserted That very day he had been led to prison, charged with a terrible crime. I saw him in that prison, and from his own lips learned his story. His son had been brought up, as he fondly believed, in the habits and principles of honorable men; and, having finished his education, came to reside with him at R——. The young man was accustomed to go frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves pleasure, sister, and pleasure is found at Paris. The father thought it natural, and stripped his age of some comforts to supply luxuries to the son's youth.

"Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend perceived that he was robbed. Moneys kept in his bureau were abstracted he knew not how, nor could guess by whom It must be done in the night. He concealed himself, and watched. He saw a stealthy figure glide in, he saw a false key applied to the lock—he started forward, seized the fellow, and recognized his son. What should the father have done? I do not ask *you*, sister! I ask these men; son and father, I ask you."

"Expelled him the house," cried I.

"Done his duty, and reformed the unhappy wretch," said my father. "*Nemo repente turpissimus semper fuit*—No man is wholly bad all at once."

"The father did as you would have advised him, brother. He kept the youth; he remonstrated with him; he did more—he gave him the key of the bureau. "Take what I have to give," said he; "I would rather be a beggar than know my son a thief."

"Right: and the youth repented, and became a good man?" exclaimed my father.

Captain Roland shook his head. "The youth promised amendment, and seemed penitent. He spoke of the temptations of Paris, the gaming-table and what not. He gave up his daily visits to the capital. He seemed to apply to study. Shortly after this, the neighborhood was alarmed by reports of night robberies on the road. Men, masked and armed, plundered travellers, and even broke into houses.

"The police were on the alert. One night an old brother officer knocked at my friend's door. It was late: the veteran (he was a cripple, by the way, like myself—strange coincidence!) was in bed. He came down in haste, when his servant woke and told him that his old friend, wounded and bleeding, sought an asylum under his roof. The wound, however, was slight. The guest had been attacked and robbed on the road. The next morning the proper authority of the town was sent for. The plundered man described his loss—some billets of five hundred francs in a pocket-book, on which was embroidered his name and coronet (he was a vicomte.) The guest stayed to dinner.—Late in the forenoon the son looked in. The guest started to see him; my friend noticed his paleness. Shortly after, on pretence of faintness, the guest retired to his room, and sent for his host. "My friend," said he, "can you do me a favor? go to the magistrate and recal the evidence I have given."

"Impossible," said the host. "What crotchet is this?"

"The guest shuddered. "*Peste!*" said he, "I do not wish in my old age to be hard on others. Who knows how the robber may have been tempted, and who knows what relations he may have—honest men, whom his crime would degrade for ever! Good heavens! if detected, it is the galleys, the galleys!"

"And what then?—the robber knew what he braved."

"But did his father know it?" cried the guest.

"A light broke upon my unhappy com-